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Loganberry Laughs

By Robert Quillen
The farmers might try employing a deficiency expert.

Advice to vamps: Speak softly and carry a lip stick.

At any rate, deflation will make the world safe for saturated men.

Devising a scheme to dodge that tax on exports will tax German experts.

Willard says he doesn't care for money. Then why monkey with a luzz saw?

The sun never sets on the British flag, and the dove never settles on it.

Are you out of a job? We start you in business—advertisement. We wondered how these hold-up men got their pistols.

The grand old poets of another day probably would call the modern product very libel.

Of all the animals, only man's progeny begins life helpless and burdened with taxes.

The French kilometer seems a queer measurement, but the Russian standard is the veriest.

The Congressman who does nothing may not earn his salary, but he earns the gratitude of the country.

Boiled down, the question is whether we shall scrap our own battleships or the other fellows'.

Our leading bandits are not entirely mercenary. As yet no one of them has written a book about it.

With the Hindenburg line disposed of the doughboy over there is keeping in form by conquering the fraulein.

The chief objection to the Jap seems to be that he is forever carrying home a slab of bacon under his arm.

The success of Hoover's plans would indicate that deflation has not lowered the American standard of living.

If Bergdoll wishes to return to America without answering embarrassing questions, he might come as an immigrant.

Sophistication is the hateful quality that robs you of a thrill when the dummy falls over the cliff in the movies.

Golf will soon become the national game unless poker enthusiasts arrange to walk across a pasture after each ante.

A test of the relative worth of battleships and aircraft is a fine idea, but how can we get our battleships into the Canadian woods?

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST
(Copyrighted)

The Vow
I used to think it mattered, used to think I had to be forever in the business of acquiring wealth for me;

Then I gave myself to labor and I bent my back to toil, and to make myself the richer off I burned the midnight oil.

Till one day a little fellow seemed to look me through and through, and he asked if making money was the only thing men do.

It was just a youngster's question, but it struck me like a blow, he had heard me talk my business and he'd seen me come and go.

He had watched me night and morning, either happy or dismayed, elated or discouraged by investments I had made.

And he'd come to the conclusion, I could see beyond a doubt, that money was the only thing his daddy thought about.

I know I checked a little as I took him on my knee, and I turned away a moment as a tear he wouldn't see.

Then I hurried him somewhat tighter than it was easy wont to do.

And I told him, "More important than all else on earth are you there's a bigger thing than money, and there's a finer joy, a peace—more that makes life worth while."

I couldn't quite explain it for he couldn't understand, but I knew he caught the essence of his daddy's rugged heart.

And I know we both grew closer as I held him on my knee, and tried to draw a picture of the man I hoped he'd be.

But what's strange, I'd learned a lesson—more that makes life worth while.

And I vowed to God that evening that I'd spend more time with him than I could understand. It's a—

A Japanese Victory

The failure of the Oregon senate to pass the anti-alien land law for the preservation of American ideals and American citizenship is due to two influences—the opposition from the Portland Chamber of Commerce and big business, seeking profits from Japanese commerce and to the interference of Senator McNary in behalf of Senator Lodge and the incoming administration. Neither senator has ever committed himself on this question and the plea to leave it to the national government is the same old stall for procrastination that has made a bad situation worse for 20 years.

With Oregon and Washington legislatures refusing to back up California's demands against the Japs, the national administration will naturally conclude that only California is interested, not the entire coast, that the issue is therefore a purely local one, and California will be rebuked, as she was by Roosevelt, Taft and Bryan, while the national government kow-tows to Japan.

The same commercial influences that prevented action in Oregon, checked it in Washington—the commerce with Japan which results in a few large corporations and individuals enjoying big profits. But while this commerce amounts to something for Seattle, it is negligible to Oregon, for there is "but one little dinky Japanese line" running out of Portland. As to the chances of Portland securing the Japanese business, M. Matanable, manager of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha steamship line, states:

Seattle has the bulk of Japanese shipping now. We have no desire to take our business to any other port.

So the Oregon senate has merely played in the hands of Seattle and the Japanese by refusing to pass the American Legion bill to prevent Japanese from doing in Oregon what Americans are forbidden to do in Japan.

A Hint to Restaurants

Santa Rosa and Healdsburg have taken the lead among California towns in popularizing the prune by serving it free with hotel, restaurant and cafe meals. The plan will be in force all summer while the tourist trade is on.

The suggestion is an excellent one for Oregon towns to follow, particularly those in the prune growing sections. Salem being the center of the great prune belt, should take the lead and local eating places should cooperate with producers in serving prunes free of charge with all meals.

The tourist who has enjoyed the California prune will learn by contrast the superiority of the Oregon prune, both as to size and flavor. Moreover these prunes should be labelled "Oregon prunes" and not "Italian prunes" as has been customary in the past on bills of fare.

There is no better prune grown than the Oregon article and there is no reason why it should be camouflaged under foreign names. For years the Oregon prune has been sold under a California label by California packers and buyers and served in Oregon as "Italian" with the result that not a tenth of the state's population ever became acquainted with it.

The Restless Sex

By Robert Chambers, Author of "Barbarians," "The Dark Star," etc. (Copyrighted 1918 by Robert W. Chambers.)

"No! No! I chanced, just now, to witness the meeting of the Beliers, and that glimpse of conjugal respectability has stiffened my moral backbone. . . . Besides, I'm deeply worried about you, Jim."

"About me?"

"Certainly. It fills me with anxiety that you should so far degrade yourself as to attempt to kiss a respectable married woman."

She dodged again, just in time, but he vaulted over the desk and she found herself imprisoned in his arms.

"I'll submit if you don't rump me," she said, "I've such a darling gown on—be very circumspect, Jim."

She lifted her face and met his lips, placing her gloved hands behind his head. They became very still, very serious; her grey eyes grew vague under his deep gaze which caressed them; her arms drew his head closer to her face. Then, very slowly, their lips parted, and she laid her hand on his shoulder and drew his arm around her waist.

In silence they paced the studio for a while, slowly, and in leisurely step with each other deeply preoccupied.

"Steve," he said, "it's the first week in June. The city will be intolerable in a fortnight. Don't you think that we ought to open Rummer's Rest?"

"You are going up there with Oswald, aren't you?" she asked, raising her eyes.

"Yes, in a day or two. Don't you think we'd better try to get some servants and open the house for the summer?"

She considered the matter: "You know I've never been there since you went abroad, Jim. I believe we would find it delightful. Don't you?"

"I do indeed."

"But—is it going to be all right—just you and I alone there?"

"You know even when we considered each other as brother and sister there was a serious question about our living together unless an 'elder woman' were installed."

"She laughed—to keep us in order. I was silly, then, but—I don't know whether it's superfluous now."

"Would Helen come?"

"Take a shot! Of course that's the solution. We can have parties, too. . . . I wonder what is going to happen to us."

"What?"

"To you and me, Jim. . . . It's becoming such a custom—your arm around me this way; and that secret and deliciously uneasy thrill I feel when I come to you alone—and all my increasing load of guilt."

"There's only one end to it, Steve."

"Jim, I can't tell him. I'm afraid. . . . Something happened once. . . . I was scarcely eighteen and he suddenly eloped to him, pressing her face convulsively against his shoulder. He could feel the shiver pass over her."

"Tell me," he said.

"No, now. . . . There doesn't seem to be any way of getting you to understand. . . . I was not yet sixteen. I never dreamed of—of love—between you and me. . . . And Oswald fascinated me. He was new. He always said, 'There's something about Jim that draws me. Influences me, sets me wildly—dearly.'"

"The usual, looked at him, hung down around his neck: 'You can tell me all you like, but I won't understand.' It's a—"

Open Forum

Religion Freedom vs. Religious Tyranny.

To the Editor: The guarantees of religious freedom in our constitution expressly provide, that: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or cutting off the tax which the present congress is being asked to do, according to several newspapers edited in the national capital. The movement, we are informed, is headed by the Reverend H. L. Bowley, national secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, who claims the financial and moral backing of sixteen Protestant organizations. Among innumerable things which are taboo under the proposed legislation, we might cite a few most important ones as being: prohibition of Sunday baseball, theaters, concert halls, golf links, running of passenger or freight trains, prohibiting publication or delivery of Sunday papers, and censorship of the 'stuff' that goes into them the other six days of the week. To show our confidence and determination with which our organization is being carried on, I enclose the reporter's account of Rev. Bowley's own statement, as follows:

"We are well financed. Our lobby at Washington will be an effective and experienced one. We shall agitate and spread propaganda and cause voters to write incessantly to their representatives in congress, until no congressman who cares to stay in congress will dare refuse to vote for our measures."

During recent years, whole publications have been devoted to educating the people, warning them against a certain religious organization, which, it was alleged, sought to undermine civil liberties and government through sinister methods. . . .

"I don't see how it happened," he told Mr. Coyote mournfully. "That crafty fellow gave a short laugh. He rather believed, I think, that he was under his breath—that Benny Badger was even more stupid than he had supposed."

"Did you keep an eye on the civilization the promoters of the Sunday blue laws would retain has not as yet been divulged. We have confidence in the men who represent us in Washington, and have no thought that they will forsake the principles upon which the very foundation of our government was founded."

E. B. DAUGHERTY.

Wheeled Chair Conceals Booze

Bend, Or., Feb. 21.—"Dollar a bottle." Late Blorge, of 214 Florida avenue is said to have defrauded when city officers searched his home recently, and seized 24 bottles of home-made wine. Blorge, a cripple, was in his wheeled chair when Officers Fox, Carlson and Stevens entered the place. A jar of some fermenting liquid was found, Mayor Gilson, who accompanied the officers, reported, but no finished product was seen until Fox noticed that Blorge's chair almost covered a trap-door. The two dozen filled bottles were found underneath and it was at this time that Blorge quoted his price, Mayor Gilson said. Quantities of dried fruit, sugar and yeast were found by the officers.

Boy, 22, Has Store, Hotel and Garage

Pendleton, Or., Feb. 21.—To be owner of the principal store and garage in a thriving country town and manager of the hotel at the age of 22 years is the achievement of Albert Peterson, of Ukiah, who is in Pendleton.

It is Mr. Peterson, by a deal just completed, has purchased from L. R. Lawrence, for 15 years a merchant and stock and has rented the building and fixtures, with option of buying. Associated in business with Mr. Peterson will be his brother, Virgil Peterson, aged 19. The hotel of which the older brother is manager is owned by their mother, Mrs. Mary C. Peterson.

Mail Sacks Left at Wrong Stations

St. Angel, Ore., Feb. 21.—The mail clerk on the S. P. train became a little confused one morning during the latter part of last week and put the Silverton mail sack off at this station and the St. Angel sack was put off at Silverton, consequently neither town received mail that morning. The mistake was corrected, however, at noon, and there was but little delay occasioned.

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Russia Ignored in Invitations to Allied Session

London, Feb. 21.—Premier Lloyd George explained in the House of Commons today why Russia will not be represented at the London conference on the Turkish treaty.

"Russia, having foolishly declined an invitation to the conference of the allies in London last summer to settle all outstanding questions because acceptance would have involved arresting the march of her invading armies in Poland, we do not propose to renew the invitation," he said.

Indepndence Man, Injured, Improves

Independence, Ore., Feb. 21.—Attorney B. F. Swope, of this city, who was hit by a car at Salem a few days ago, is recovering, but is yet in much pain. He was crossing Commercial street near the Marion hotel early in the morning when an automobile struck him. His back and legs were severely bruised, but no bones were broken and he will be able to look after his business here in a few days.

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SLEEPY-TIME TALES THE TALE OF BENNY BADGER BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

Benny Badger stared out from his hole in the ground. He didn't like his visitor. And he wished Mr. Coyote would go away. But Mr. Coyote seemed to be in no hurry to leave. On the contrary, he appeared to have plenty of time to spare. And if he noticed the frown on Benny Badger's face he certainly acted as if it were the most agreeable to smile.



"It's plain," he said at last, "tho' you need help."

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Willard's Insulation
No better off. In fact, I'd be worse off, for I'd lose not only the Ground Squirrel, but the fun of digging, too."

TWO AUCTIONS

Tomorrow Feb. 22, 1 P. M.

640 State St.

8 rooms furniture, range, heater, rugs, carpets, linoleum, wood, draperies, dishes, kitchen utensils, lawn mower, etc.

"Be on time."

Thursday, Feb. 24, 10 A. M.

At the Sunny Brook farm 5 miles east and 1 mile south of Salem, or 2 miles west of McCleary: 12 cows, 2 bulls, 4 horses, 3 doz. hens, hay, grain, farm machinery and household furniture, tools, etc.

F. N. WOODRY, The Auctioneer

"Woody conducts Sales Everywhere" "WHO NEXT?"

DON'T FUSS WITH MUSTARD PLASTERS!

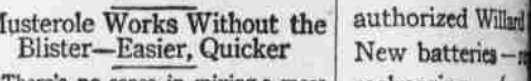
Musterole Works Without the Blister—Easier, Quicker

There's no sense in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water when you can easily relieve pain, soreness or stiffness with a little clean, white Musterole.

Musterole is made of pure oil of mustard and other helpful ingredients, combined in the form of the present white ointment. It takes the place of mustard plasters, and will not blister.

Musterole usually gives prompt relief from sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (if often prevents pneumonia).

35c and 65c jars; hospital size \$3.00



DEGGE & BURNETT Auto Electric High Street

Willard's Batteries

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